

## **no condoms (redux) by orphan\_account**

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**Summary:**

"nancy," jonathan gasps, pulling his mouth away abruptly. "i ran out of condoms." (pwp)

## **no condoms (redux)**

they're in the back seat of his car. again. jonathan is half on top of her with his hand up her shirt and under her bra, gently squeezing and rubbing her nipple. again. her underwear is sticky, and she can feel his boner pressing into her hip. again.

see, these intense make out sessions have become a pretty regular occurrence for them in the past month. it almost always leads to some very intense sex around this time.

they've had sex in this shabby car more times than nancy can count on one hand. they've also had sex against the wall of his room, with his hand covering her mouth as she comes, her thighs tightening around his hips. they've had sex in the morning - this very morning, doggy style. quick and needy against her dresser with her underwear pushed to the side - when he comes to pick her up from school and she isn't fully dressed yet.

they've had a lot of sex. a lot of really good sex. truth be told she feels a need, an ache, a desire for jonathan she'd never felt before. and the way he touches her, always almost desperate, she knows he feels the same.

simply put, they can't get enough of each other. and they can't keep their hands off of each other.

turns out, some cliches are true.

presently, nancy moans into the kiss and moves her hand into his jeans. she grips his hard cock and strokes him gently. rubs her thumb over the slit and feels him shudder. a warm wave of arousal swoops low in her belly, and she is suddenly about two seconds from pushing him onto his back and riding him senseless.

until -

"nancy," jonathan gasps, pulling his mouth away abruptly. "i ran out of condoms."

she's only momentarily distracted by how thoroughly kissed he looks, hair messed up and lips swollen before the realization hits. her hand stops mid stroke. "i thought you had one left."

jonathan chuckles, "we used that one this morning, remember?"

"oh, yeah." she pulls her hand out his jeans. "shit."

"yeah," jonathan licks his lips, "shit."

of course. of course they've found themselves in this situation again. they already decided they would not use the pull out method again. doing so more than once felt like testing fate, and the last thing either of them needed now was to be teenage parents. as much as she wants to have sex, it just isn't worth chancing it again.

the throbbing between her legs, though, is still unbearable. she's so turned on and she wishes it was one of those night her parents weren't home. if that were the case they could be on her bed with his head between her legs instead of in a cramped car that makes oral sex feel more like doing yoga.

his hand leaves her breast and slides between her thighs. he moves it upwards slowly until he's cupping her pussy. she gasps and lets her head fall back against the seat as he starts to press his fingers down over where her clit is.

"oh, god." she whimpers, places her hand on the back of neck and pulls him closer to kiss his throat. his fingers trace up and down the seam of her jeans until she's quivering.

"do you think you can come like this?" he asks, his voice low in her ear. and it's somehow even sexier that it isn't even meant to be sexy talk. it's a genuine question. he always just wants to make her feel good.

she nods and captures his mouth again.

"yeah," she replies breathlessly between kisses. "yeah, just - just touch me."

he pulls away slightly to look at her and nods. his free hand moves

up to brush her hair out her eyes, and then caresses her cheek with the back of his fingers as he undoes the button of her jeans and slides her zipper down. he plays with the elastic of her panties for a moment before sliding his hand into the fabric.

nancy grips his sweater and bunches the fabric in her hand in response to the feeling of his fingers against her. she bites down on her lip when he gently spreads her lips open and dips his middle and ring fingers into her wetness. his mouth has moved down to her jaw and neck, pressing hot kisses to the skin there. his own breath is coming in small pants, and she moves her own hand into his hair.

she cries out sharply, and her back arches, when he finds her clit and begins to rub it softly. the hand that isn't in jonathan's hair tightens into a fist at her side as the pleasure builds inside of her. it doesn't take long until he has her teetering on the edge.

"oh fuck, that feels so good." she whispers shakily into his ear, knowing he likes to be praised even if he hasn't told her so out loud. he groans against her neck and begins to rub at her clit faster and faster, applying more pressure, until she's moaning helplessly and her hips are lifting off the seat. her toes curl in her boots as the first sparks of her orgasm start to go off. her head falls to the side, and jonathan pulls her earlobe between his teeth and tugs gently, knowing how it drives her crazy. she tries to open her eyes but she feels cross-eyed.

"mmm, f- oh, d-don't stop." she's so close now she can barely form a sentence. her thighs tremble and twitch. her body feels wound up tight, on the edge of exploding.

"please, don't stop." she pleads.

the last thing she's aware of before she comes is him breathing a laugh against her neck, his breath hot, like stopping is the last thing he'd ever do now. her entire body tenses and then shakes when she orgasms. she's vaguely aware of her moans being louder than they should be in a school parking lot - only about an hour after classes ended, to boot - but she can't bring herself to care one bit.

when she comes back to herself jonathan is kissing her jaw and

cheek. her whole body feels like it's made of jello.

"okay, okay," she says while laughing drowsily, and puts her hand over his to stop his fingers. quickly feeling too sensitive for direct touch. he pulls his hand out of her jeans, and she brings it up to her mouth. she sucks on his fingers, licking them clean of her juices, and watches as his eyes go wide.

when she's done she kisses him again and pushes him onto his back. she looks around quickly to make sure the coast is still clear, and then moves to her knees in front of him. she licks her lips and starts to undo his buckle.

"nance, you don't have to." he starts. she looks up at him and raises an eyebrow as she pulls his erection free and grips the base. she squeezes and watches as his cock twitches in her hand in response.

"i know," she responds with a shrug, "but i want to."

leaning forward she presses a wet kiss to the base before licking a stripe up to the head and sucking on his tip. jonathan curses and places his hand on her head, but doesn't press down. she opens wide and relaxes her throat before swallowing his length until he's touching the back of her throat. she swallows around him and tries not to gag. she can feel his hand grip her hair, and his other punches the seat next to his thigh.

"jesus, fuck." he gasps.

it isn't easy to smile when giving someone a blowjob, but she almost does. she loves making him lose control like this. it makes her feel powerful.

giving steve a blowjob wasn't like this. it was... easier. not because he was smaller - he was a bit smaller, but not small - but because steve was so sure of himself, so in control. he barely even made a sound, even when he came. not jonathan. jonathan gasps, moans and curses. he says her name strains not to thrust into her mouth. jonathan needs.

and it doesn't take much, not at times like this. she bobs her head up

and down for a only minute. sucks him long and deep, taking as much as she can, until his breathing gets particularly strained. that's when she knows he's gonna come. his cock twitches again in her mouth.

"i'm gonna come," he grits out, giving her the option to pull off if she wants to. but she just moans and sucks him faster.

"aah-ah." he cries out and spills into her mouth in long, thick spurts that drip down her throat. she swallows around him as he trembles until he begins to soften in her mouth.

he's panting when he finally speaks. "fuck the condoms."

xxx

when it's over and they've pulled themselves together again, he wraps his arms around her and she settles into his chest. her eyes feel heavy, and she's tempted to fall asleep in his arms. but they can't stay much longer without arousing suspicion.

"we should go," he says. sometimes it's like he can read her mind. he nods at the digital clock radio. 4:03. he has work at 5. "it's getting late."

nancy sighs, "yeah, i have to do some homework anyway."

he kisses the side of her head before opening the door to move to the front. when she steps out to join him her legs are still a bit shaky and she blushes when she remembers they're still on school grounds, teachers are still inside.

once inside jonathan turns the car on and starts to drive to her home. it's times like this that she almost feels normal. they pull up in front of her house and she kisses him on the lips before heading to the door.

"but seriously, we need more condoms," she says as she pulls away.

**Author's Note:**

a bit late but finished stranger things two just now

and i am in love with these two this season. this has no plot, sorry. (not sorry.)

but remember to practice safe sex and always use condoms. also, please do not share on tumblr or other sites without asking. thanks!!

hope ya enjoy! :)